

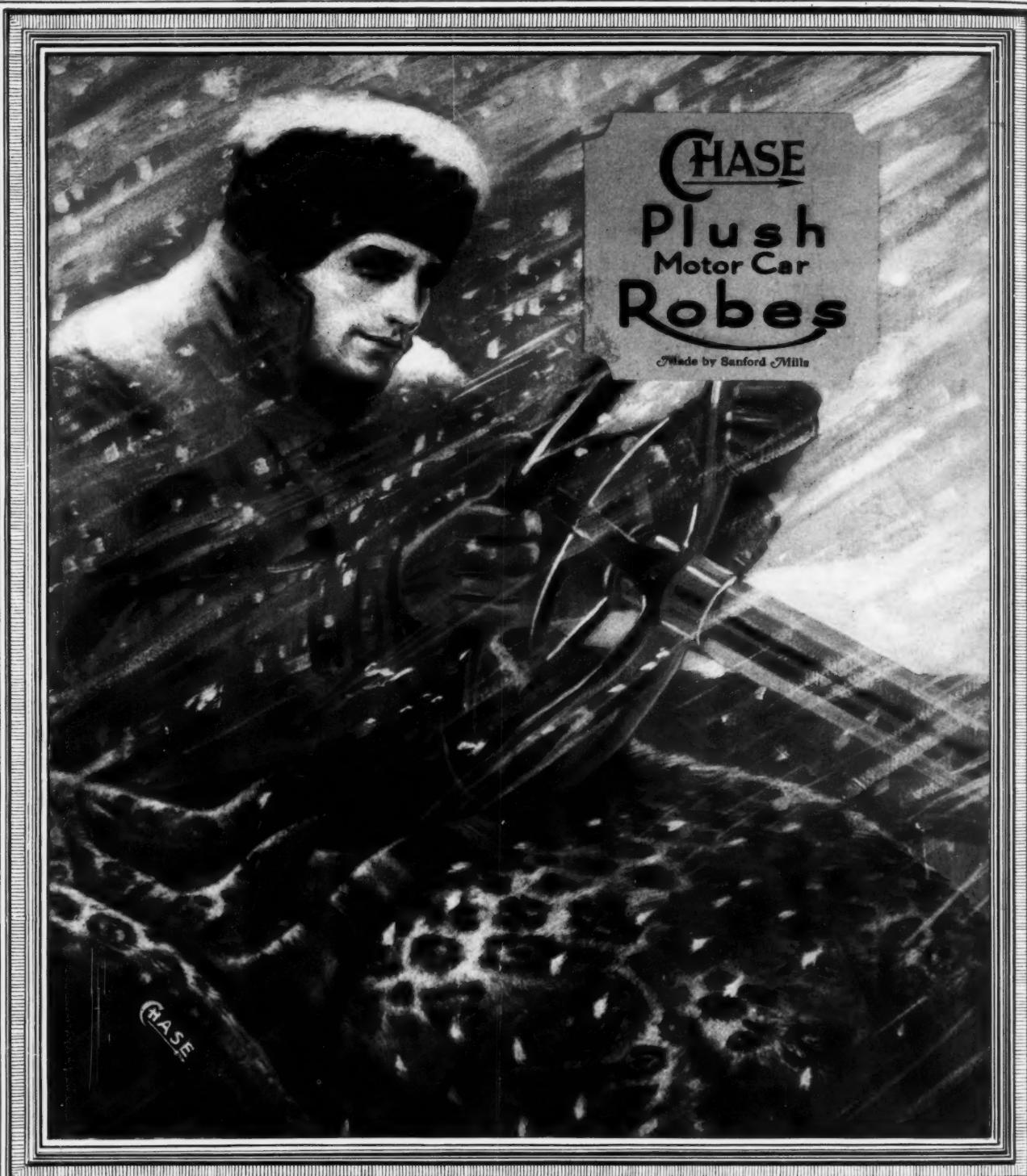
BACK-HOME NUMBER

NOTICE TO READER

When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No Wrapping; No Address. A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.



"OH, BOY!"



CHASE
Plush
Motor Car
Robes

Made by Sanford Mills

CHASE PLUSH ROBES WILL OUTWEAR, MANY TIMES OVER, OTHER WOVEN ROBES
Durable—Warm—Luxuriously Beautiful—Comfortable

Famous since 1867, Chase Robes were never so praiseworthy. They remain fast in color and intact over a long period of severe use, protecting like the coat of fur on Arctic animals. Made of the choicest materials, scores of unique, pleasing patterns. Different weights for all occasions.

THE MOTORIST IN PICTURE IS UNDER AN EXETER CHASE PLUSH ROBE

WRITE FOR
CATALOG

L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO
Leaders in Manufacturing Since 1847

AT YOUR
DEALER'S



Uniform Tires Mean No "Second Bests"

Long-Distance Millers Not Only Look, But Wear Alike

WE do not claim that no tires equal the Miller. Other makers build some tires as good. But how can the buyer tell those "lucky" casings from thousands of lesser ones that look identical?

The greatest problem a manufacturer faces is how to build all his tires like his best ones. This we have solved. And the reason each Miller wears like its brother is much discussed. Here are the facts:

Uniform Workmanship

Any maker who pays the price can get the same super-quality of raw materials. Also the same machinery, for machines are standard, too.

But uniform mileage is governed by uniform workmanship and must be as long as tires contain handwork. If the workmanship varies, the mileage is bound to vary.

That's why we took a mark that was set by champions and trained other tire builders to this single standard. Each builder signs every tire he makes. If ever one comes back his score is penalized.

This method, tested now three years, has proved to be the mileage solution.

Always a Shortage

The result is a new class of long-distance tires—tires that wear the same under like conditions. Not occasionally some that give exceptional service, but more than 99 in 100.

It takes much time to train uniform builders. Hence to make the best tires we had to forsake all thought of making the most.

So to get these remarkable long-distance Millers—the buoyant Cord or the sturdy fabric type—be sure to go to the authorized Miller dealer or write for his name.

*To Dealers in Open Territory:
Write for Attractive Proposition*

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

*Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—
the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires*

(222)

Miller
GEARED-TO-THE ROAD
UNIFORM MILEAGE
Tires



Our Women

They sold Liberty Bonds. They worked in ammunition factories. They became nurses. They worked for the Red Cross. They nursed the wounded. They did their own housework. They served on ambulances. They became members of the Motor Corps. They tilled the soil. And much of this work they are still doing. It is to these women, wherever they are—and they are everywhere—that LIFE is to pay tribute in a coming number—the number dated February 6th.

The Soldierettes' Number of

Life

Special Offer

Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign
\$1.26). Send LIFE
for three months to

For Americans on sea or land, sailors and soldiers, and men in the hospitals:

The One Thing They Like

More than a million of our boys are still in France, and they all like LIFE. Send them a subscription.

To American Expeditionary Force men, Soldiers, Sailors and Marines, \$5 a year, if no local foreign address be given.

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 75

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

All druggists: Soap 25c, Ointment 25 & 50c, Talcum 25c.
Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

Two Men

THERE are two big men in Europe who will not be at the Peace Conference, but who may still discharge duties of the first importance.

One is Hindenburg, who is not waiting for a job, but even now is giving an impressive representation of German stability.

He is the only German in sight who was a great figure in the war and still looks solid. The Old Man seems as much as ever to have character. His record must have awful blotches on it, for he is German all through, and seems to have been ready, like the rest of the German family, to practice or permit the grossest inhumanities in war. For all that, he looks now like a man who is trying to do his duty and save the pieces of his country.

The other considerable person is the long-legged Grand Duke Nicholas. His present address is not in the Russian directory for 1919, but he seems still to be alive, and now and then one reads a line or two about him in the paper. He also is a man of character. When he had a military command he fought Germany in earnest. He is honest, strong and pretty able. He hated the

Push the Button

(SWITCH ON YOUR IGNITION)



DO YOU think there is enough current flowing through your ignition circuit to give you a good spark for starting on a cold morning?

Then, of course, gasoline vaporizes poorly, but not so poorly, however, that a good spark will not fire it.

Such a spark is possible only when the ignition circuit permits a free flow of current.

Connecticut Automatic Ignition does this, and with perfect safety, for it is provided with a switch which will kick off and stop the flow of current as soon as it begins to be wasted—while other systems without this automatic switch cannot allow a free and un retarded flow of current, because of the trouble that would follow if the switch was left "on."

By eliminating the need for retardants in the circuit, the Automatic Switch removes the obstacle to easy starting.

We have printed a booklet which will give you a better understanding of automobile ignition in general, and Connecticut Automatic Ignition in particular. It tells the story simply and clearly.

Yours for the asking.

CONNECTICUT COMPANY
Meriden Conn.

CONNECTICUT



corrupt gang that managed the Czar, and with German aid, and doubtless with German money, they drove him out of power. So far as known, the only trouble with him as the man to save Russia is that he is a Romanoff, and might want to restore Czarism. Yet he is said to be a democrat.

Great figures are scarce in Russia, and Nicholas is a considerable figure. Wherever he is, one may be sure that, like Hindenburg, he is working according to his lights to save his country.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA

Golf enthusiasts will revel in the wonderful condition of the Fair Greens at Pinehurst this season. Unreservedly, they are unequalled anywhere in the world.

**THE CAROLINA, HOLLY
INN, BERKSHIRE and
HARVARD HOTELS
NOW OPEN**

Players will find most interesting golfing events scheduled for the entire Season, and the country's best golfers participating.

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THE SLAVE MARKET



Alone with his conscience

Weed Tire Chains *Prevent Accidents*



"Will I never be able to rid myself of the awful responsibility for that almost fatal accident? The memory is constantly before me. **Even now** the very flames leaping up the chimney seem to portray the nerve-racking scene and bring it all vividly before me again.

"Had I only put on my tire chains that eventful morning, as I well knew I should, I could easily have controlled my car and thus have saved all this remorse.

"Just suppose it was one of **my** little girls that had been hurt by another motorist as careless and thoughtless as myself?

"I wonder if I could complacently have accepted the flimsy excuse—that he "couldn't help it"—that "it was unavoidable"—**when I knew** that it was nothing but downright carelessness—an utter disregard of that first principle of careful driving—"Put on your Weed Chains **at the first drop of rain.**"

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

BRIDGEPORT  CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario
Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain





Home

The fire in the big, wide chimney,
Nights when the wind was wild,
Sent a flicker across the ceiling—
Till she, on her arm the child,
Came and lighted the lamp by the sofa
On the stand where the books were
piled.

The flowers on the white-clothed table,
Ever so fresh and fair,
Her hands when she poured the coffee,
The sound of her voice so dear
With news of the day in the house-
hold,
Were the letters that held me there.

Small things, they that make a home-
side—
A light, a woman, a child.
But they track you across the ocean,
And follow you into the wild.
They reach, and beckon, and draw you,
Holding you all the while—
For home's in a baby's prattle,
And the light of a woman's smile.

Jean Lyall Thompson.



GOING HOME



She: HOW WONDERFUL AND STRONG YOU HAVE GROWN!

"NOTICE IT, DO YOU?"

"OH, DEAR, YES. WHY, IF YOU HAD SHAKEN HANDS LIKE THAT BEFORE THE WAR YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN THOROUGHLY EXHAUSTED."

Milly

SIX hours before his folks expected him he was there on the steps of his home. He opened the door quietly and went in. His aged father rose from his chair as the boy entered. His sister ran in from another room. They clung to him unrestrainedly. Then he went back to the kitchen, where his mother was preparing for his home-coming.

After that first greeting he sat down, while they gathered about him, and he told about France and showed his wound and his cross. But the mother's eye was keen. She looked at the boy searchingly.

"I guess Milly would like to see you, son," she said.

"Yes, mother; maybe she would."

He got up slowly.

"Milly's at home, and all right?" he stammered, blushing.

"I reckon so."

"Well, mother, maybe I'd better go over there and see her."

"I reckon she'll be glad to see you, son."

He kissed his mother awkwardly, then strolled out of the door in the old, familiar direction.

His mother shook her head solemnly.

"He can't fool me," she whispered; "that boy saw Milly before he came here."

Tampering with Nature

YOUNG Hopeful, who lives in the suburbs, was very much interested in the adjustment of the time, and on the morning when the clocks had been set back an hour awoke his mother.

"Mother, mother," he called from his little bed, "listen to Mrs. Jones' chickens! They must have forgotten to tell them to set their crow back."

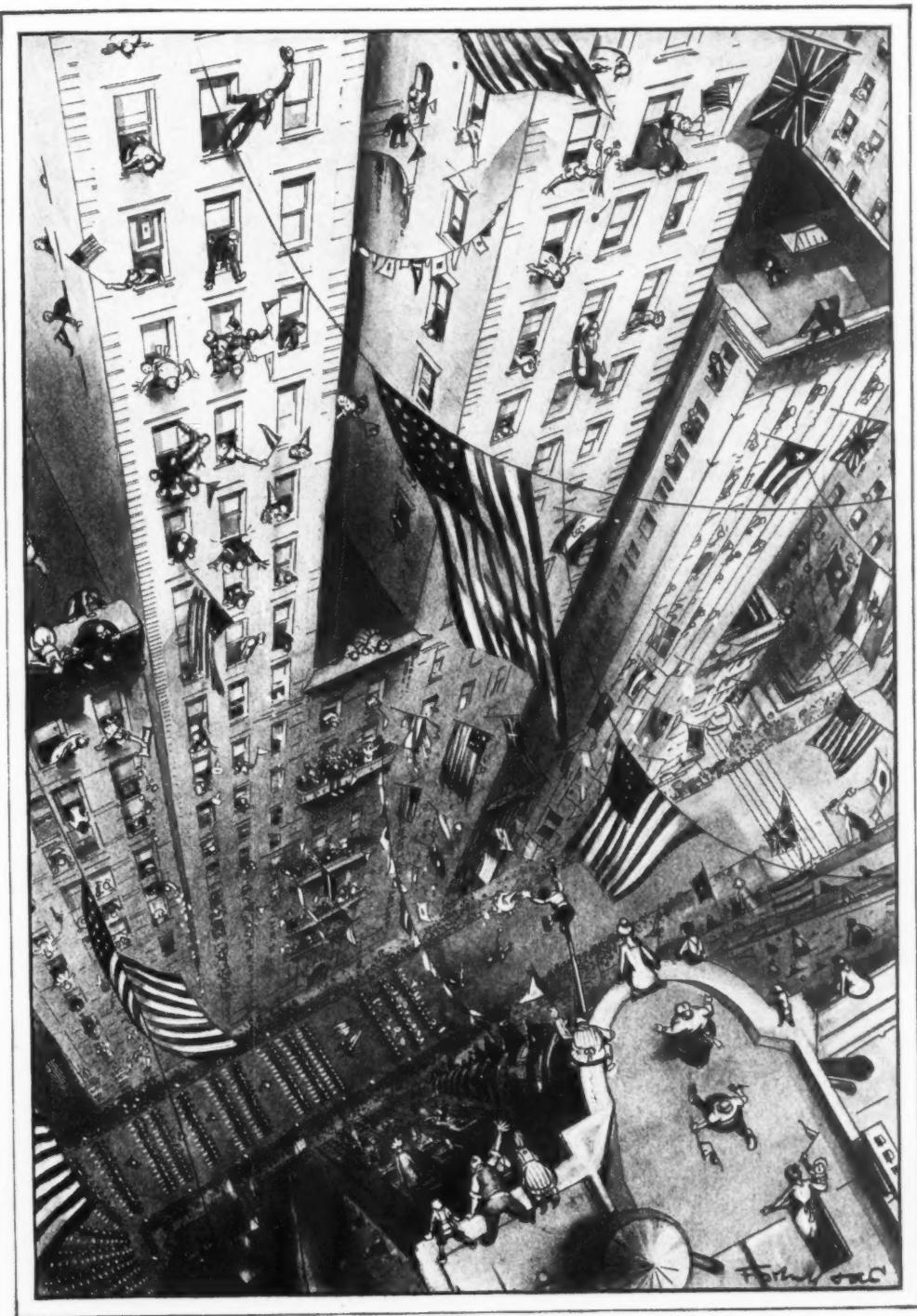
NOW: He is the meek, subdued husband of a rampant suffragette.

THEN: As a child they always said of him, "He's so good about taking his medicine."



"JOHN HENRY! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BLACK EYE?"

"I MISTOOK A LADY FOR YOU, DEAR."



THEIR FIRST DAY BACK HOME

The Government-Owned Burleson

IF Mr. Postmaster-General Burleson could only have the vision to see himself as others see him he might find in himself the best possible argument against government ownership. The strongest argument against the pet reform of the Wilson administration is that politics is bound to bring into the management of important public businesses, incompetent and inefficient politicians.

We know what one of them has done to the business of the postoffice. Do we want it indefinitely repeated in the mismanagement of the railroad, express, telegraph, cable and telephone businesses?



"HERE! NIX! THAT'S MY FATHER—I GUESS I GET FIRST SHOT AT HIM!"



She: I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I WANT TO GO BACK OR NOT

Compensatory

A DISPATCH to the New York *World* from Paris says that it is thought that President Wilson's presence in Rome will tend to reconcile the various political parties whose views differ in regard to Italy's peace programme.

This is a great consolation. It is comforting to know that while political parties in our own home circle are somewhat up in the air about our peace programme, owing to the absence of the head of the nation, other countries are at least getting the benefit of his advice and co-operation.

Plutocratic

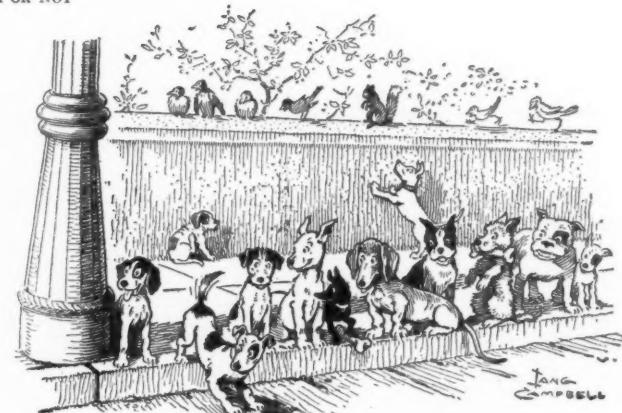
WHAT makes you think Bilton is so well off?"
"He told me he was living on a milk diet."

A Dream

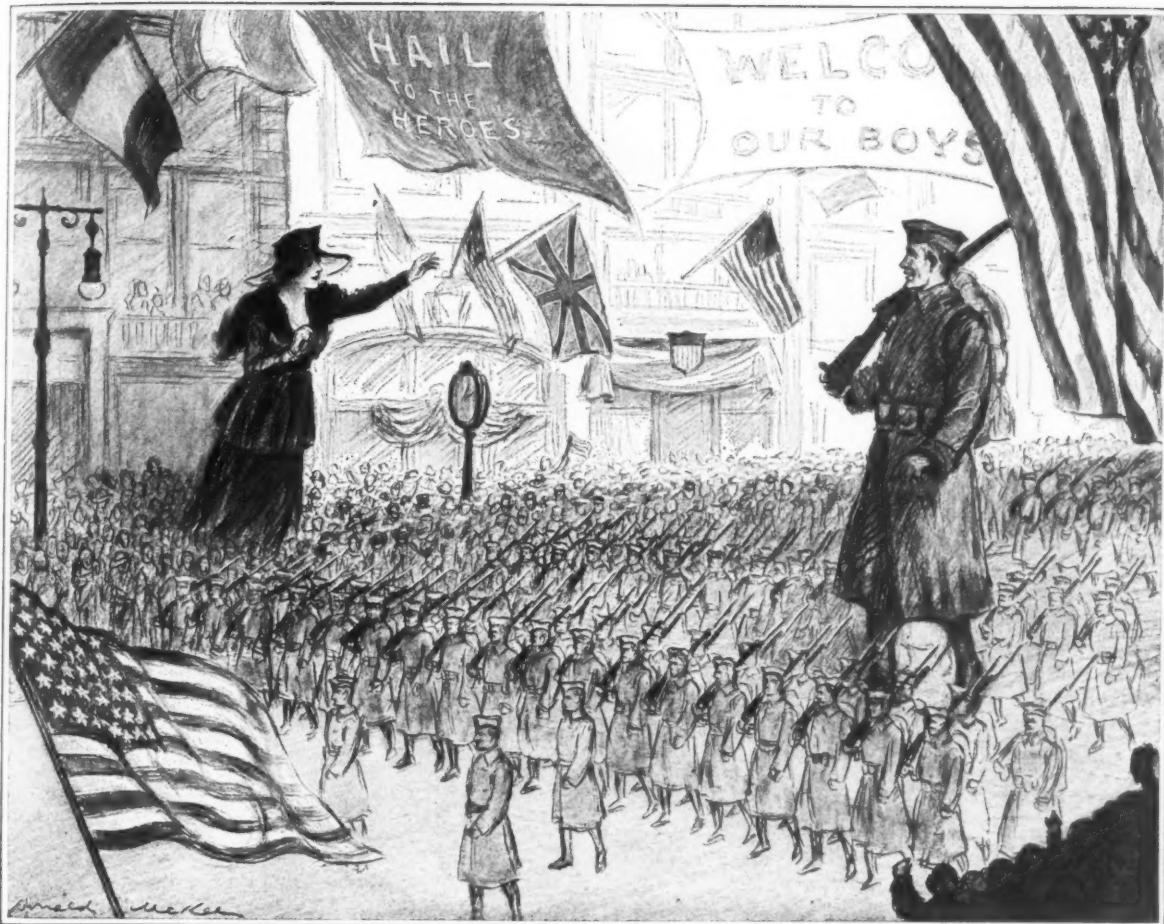
TO lie beneath a maple tree
And watch the cool clouds fly,
To stretch beneath green leaves and see
The swallows in the sky,
To pleasure in the things that be
Nor seek to ponder why—
That is my dream for you, for me,
When war is past and by!

Dream you, perchance, another dream
Another vision blest?
For me the lull of lambent stream,
A clear wind from the west,
The silence of the sun's first beam—
But chief of all I quest
The maple tree's translucent gleam,
The maple tree and rest!

Ruth Lambert Jones.



WAITING FOR THE PARADE OF THE RED CROSS DOGS

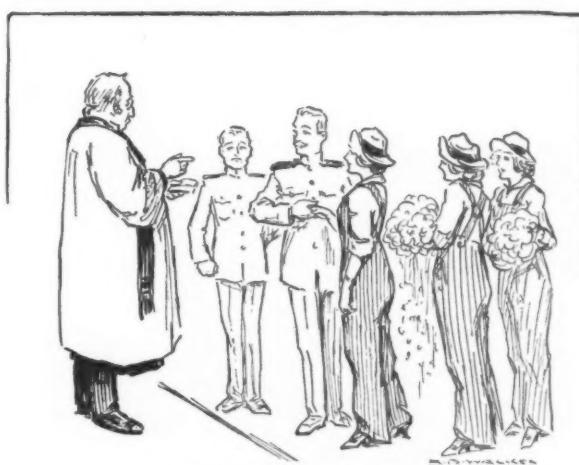


THE RETURN
AS IT SEEMED TO THEM

This World of Ours

THIS world of ours is a ship, steering an uncharted course through the sea of Eternity. Belgium is the barometer, giving warning of approaching storms in order that the various elements of the vessel may be unified to withstand it. France is the storm anchor that holds the vessel to its course while the machinery of progress, the United States, is being oiled and put into shape to drive it through the destruction-seeking waves to safety. Italy is the sail-spread, tempering the storm to the vessel's aid. Russia is a vegetable growth clinging to the hull, not really harmful, but impeding the ship's progress. Germany and Austria-Hungary are the barnacles fastening themselves to the ship's outer sheath, seeking to pierce the plating and send the vessel down to destruction. And Great Britain is the ballast, without which the vessel could not long survive—the ballast of the world.

ALPHABETICALLY speaking, it's the eyes of a woman that disturb the ease of a man.



A REAL MILITARY WEDDING
WHEN A CAPTAIN IN THE LAND ARMY MARRIES A COMMANDER
IN THE NAVY



THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS

The Y. M. C. A. Shortcomings

THE Y. M. C. A. is having a hard time. Its service in this country, so far as we know, was excellent. Its huts in the training camps were a boon to recruits. It was the pioneer in welfare work for our army, and the leader and pattern, we believe, of all who went in for such work.

But its work abroad for our soldiers in Europe has been criticised so generally and with such heartiness that it cannot escape the imputation of grave faults. Apparently it has been too business-like, too careful of its very abundant means, too bound by rules,

too chary of giving away supplies in emergencies or selling at a loss.

Its main trouble seems to have been due to lazy, priggish and incompetent secretaries. It had to send a lot of them to England and France, and had to get them where it could. The army got the pick of the men, and the Y. M. C. A. had to make its selections from the residue. The evidence is strong that a large proportion of the men it got were unfit for their work. Splendid women found themselves under orders of lazy louts whose main concern was to shut down at six o'clock and get off, or else of goody-goodies who had not in them the stuff that real men are made of.

It was too bad. The Y. M. C. A. is seriously discredited by the great volume of complaint from the soldiers that it was sent to serve. Yet the top men in it were admirable, and so were many of the secretaries, and people gave freely and confidently to the work.

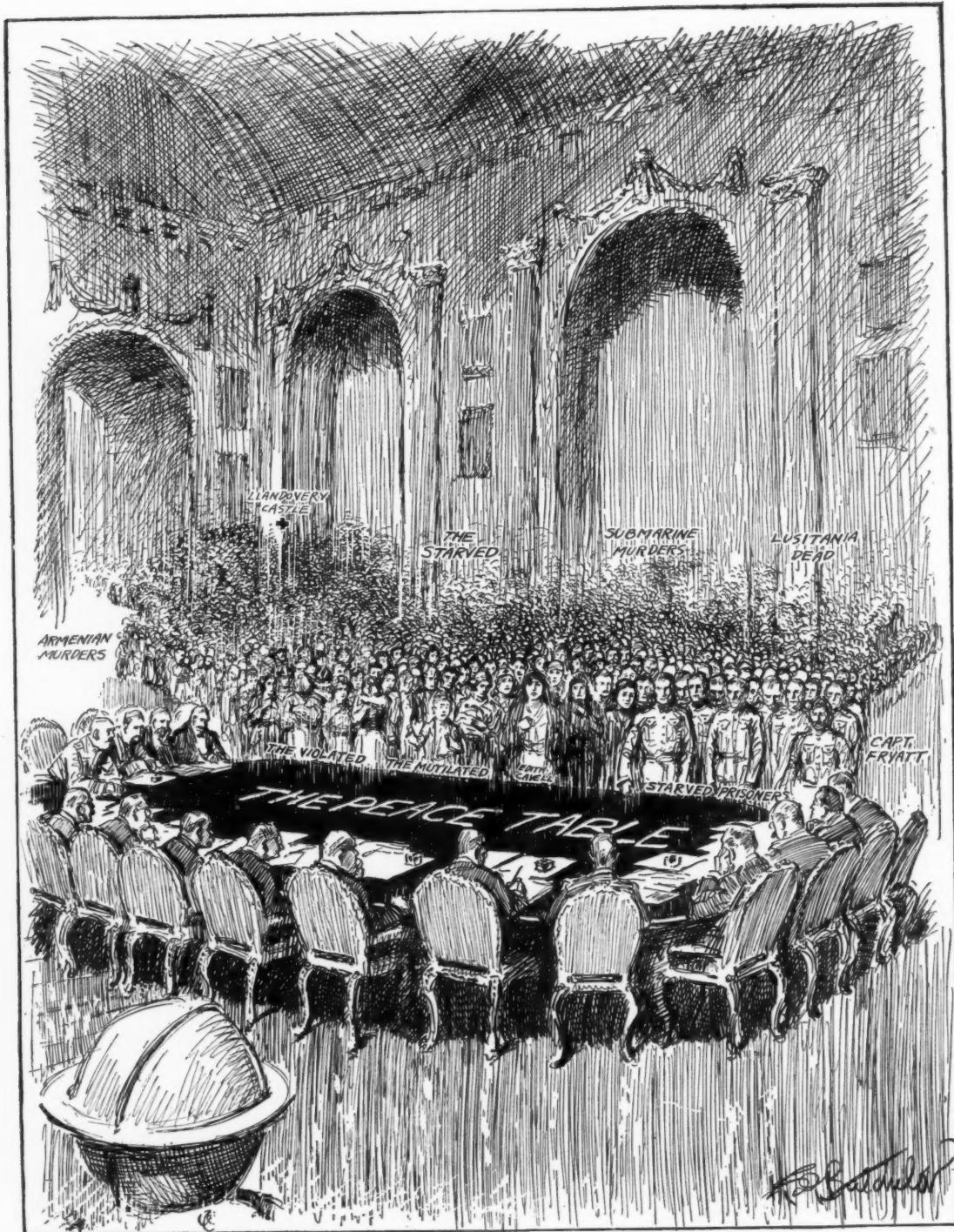
Possibly they should have used women more in command. A feeble-spirited man under orders of an able woman may be made useful, but a first-class woman under orders of a fourth-class man is two-thirds wasted.

"DIDN'T she have some trouble in getting her divorce?"

"I believe she had to call on her husband to help her out."



"AND THE SHELL BROKE YOUR ARM IN TWO PLACES? OH! HOW DREADFUL!"
"I WOULDN'T MIND THAT, LADY, ONLY I HAD A BEAUTIFUL MERMAID TATTOOED ON THAT ARM, AN'
IT HIT HER PLUMB IN THE FACE."



AMONG THOSE PRESENT



MOTHERS' FIRST AID TO OUR HOMECOMERS

His First Day at Home

6 A. M. The returned soldier awakes, dashes into his uniform in thirty seconds flat, and is half way downstairs before he realizes that roll call is a thing of the past. Returns sheepishly to bed.

7:30 A. M. to 8 A. M. Breakfast, at which Mother realizes vividly how necessary it was for the folks back home to save food. Explains how he acquired wound stripe on blouse sleeve.

8 A. M. to 9:30 A. M. Calls 2830 Main, romps with Rover, instructs young brother in small arms manual, greets several dozen admiring neighbors. Explains how he acquired wound stripe on blouse sleeve.

9:30 A. M. to 12 M. Walks downtown with Dad, finds handshaking fully as tiresome but more pleasant than saluting. Explains how he acquired wound stripe on blouse sleeve.

12:20 P. M. to 1:30 P. M. Returns home, obeys order to call 2830 Main. "Mess." Under pressure, he again explains to Mother how he acquired wound stripe and reassures her that wound doesn't trouble him in the least.

1:30 P. M. to 4:30 P. M. Dutifully attends reception in honor of returned soldiers at Grand Opera House. Is so busy searching for a certain face and endeavoring not to appear self-conscious that he almost forgets to rise when national anthem is sung.

4:31 P. M. Succeeds in locating face, almost entirely concealed by post.

4:35 P. M. to 5 P. M. Tries to get better view of face behind post. Fails.

5:30 P. M. Reaches home. Calls 2830 Main.

6 P. M. to 7 P. M. "Mess."

7:10 P. M. Informs family he is going out for evening,

assures small brother that the box under his arm does *not* contain candy, tells Mother not to wait up for him and that she can say "Good night" by calling up 2830 Main.

HE has an abiding faith in human nature, hasn't he?" "I should say so. He once bought an article that was guaranteed, and when it went back on him he actually asked the maker to make good."



Private Henpeck: THAT'S RIGHT; THE FIERCER YOU LOOK
THE MORE FRIGHTENED OF ME MY WIFE WILL BE WHEN SHE
SEES YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

Over Here

SOUL, we're home again. It's all over—the fighting, I mean. Of course there are lots of things to settle; and the plenipotentiaries (that's the fattest word I know) will argue and squabble around the peace table, and people will burble about retribution and indemnities and what's to be done with Wilhelm; but the war's over. Peace has come. Isn't that splendid, Soul? Isn't it magnificent? Men aren't killing each other any more, and the big guns and the little guns are silent. O Soul, aren't you glad that the load is lifted? Think of the sixteen months we spent in that inferno, and praise God that we're both back home again—together. We were lucky to get back from Over There so soon, Soul. If they hadn't decided that they needed instructors in the States we might be with the gang to-night. I wonder what they're doing now, Soul. I wonder whether or not Bill got the fourteenth notch on his rifle. He had thirteen, you remember, and he used to take the darnedest chances trying to get the fourteenth, so as to break the hoodoo. D'you remember the night he and we crawled under the ammunition truck and tried to fix the brake-rod, and the big H. E. landed right alongside, and turned out to be a dud? The fellows are in the dugout right now, listening to the big fellows whistle in and burst—excuse me, Soul, I'd forgotten that peace was over the lands. Isn't that marvelous, Soul? Don't you rise up and sing for very thankfulness at the thought? No



"GEE! IT'S HELL TO BE RICH!"



THE CLINGING VINE HE LEFT BEHIND



AND THE OAK WHO COMES TO GREET HIM



more blood, no more hate, no more mud and cold and hunger—only peace and the blessings of peace—that is, unless Russia turns ugly. D'you know, Soul, I think there'll be excitement in Russia yet. Germany, too—we may have to blow her up all over again if the Bolsheviks get the upper hand. Speaking of Bolsheviks, we have them right here in our own country. I hear they tried to pull a meeting the other night, and the boys broke it up. Someone said they'd use machine-guns if necessary. Think of that, Soul—machine-guns! Spray lead around like water from a hose—r-r-r-r-ripping! Great little toys, machine-guns!

TIME alone will prove whether it is to be a just peace or just peace.

Copyright Life Pub. Co.



"I AM GOING TO ASK YOUR FATHER AT ONCE."
"BUT I THOUGHT YOU REALLY WANTED TO MARRY ME?"

JANUARY 23
1919*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 73
No. 1891

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WAR is a bad disease and has all sorts of sequelae (as the doctors say) of a painful character, which it takes a long time to clean up. We consider the late war done, though bets, as a rule, have not been paid yet, and the sequelae are running strong and making lots of trouble. Pretty much everything of a particularly annoying character that happens just now can be set down as a sequel to the war. Of course, the chaos in Russia and the violent disturbances that we read of in Berlin, are direct consequences of the war. Less immediate are such matters as the strike of the local mariners in New York Harbor, the Hylan-Hearst row and the rapid transit receivership, of which two are traceable to the derangement of wages and the cost of living due to war conditions, and the other to our valuable city being so upset by the importunities and animosities of war in 1917, that it turned a good mayor out and put in a bad one.

Then there is the railroad situation which makes investment experts anxious, the delayed tax-bill situation which worries everyone who is subject to apprehensions, the big re-employment problem, and so on and so on. The war got into every situation, and pretty much everything that has survived it can be rated as a sequel of it. We Americans must bear with our sequels the best we can, remembering that of all the war-scarred peoples we are the least damaged, and have the most left and the cheerfiest prospects.

All the same, we have present trials. Hylan and Hearst are one. People wonder that Hylan should be willing

to combine himself with Hearst to be a trial when his facilities are so considerable to be one on his own hook. But he is a bigger trial combined with Hearst than he would be alone, and, of course, there are many men who like bigness for its own sake, and are ready to sacrifice quality to get it.

And along with the war sequels has come Colonel Roosevelt's sudden death.

It had not seemed to us that Mr. Roosevelt had been of late a useful leader to the Republican party, but, at least, he was a leader, and now that he is gone that party has none. Perhaps Judge Hughes is the nearest to it. He is Republican leader *ex-officio* until a presidential convention nominates a new candidate, but that does not amount to actual leadership. And Mr. Root is rather the Republican sage than the leader, and Mr. Taft is rather an earnest worker whenever he can serve the public, than the chieftain of the Republican forces. All these three respected men seem to have attained a position approaching political non-partisanship. They all want to serve the country, and none of them objects, if occasion calls, to working for a Democratic administration.

Here's an important job for someone—to be Republican leader!

Will Mr. Lodge undertake it?

Hardly. Mr. Lodge, for one thing, is not in the full flush of youth and strength, and this will be a heavy task. Senator Wadsworth is about the right age, and seems not to be worn out, as so many men are, with the fierce labors of the war, but he is hardly evangelical enough to be a leader in these pious times. And Mr. Borah, who is understood to have brains, seems to lack any

particular mandate to use them in any way that would kindle enthusiasm in the people, and Senator Hiram Johnson could hardly get the Republican vote in the Eastern states.

When there has been a war, the party that has no one else to offer, is apt to turn to a successful general, and, of course, there is General Pershing, who is said to have hereditary Republican molecules in his blood, and might look as attractive to Republican politicians as Hancock did to Democrats in 1880. But General Pershing is certainly not a Republican leader, and it seems very doubtful whether he will feel any urgent call to become one.

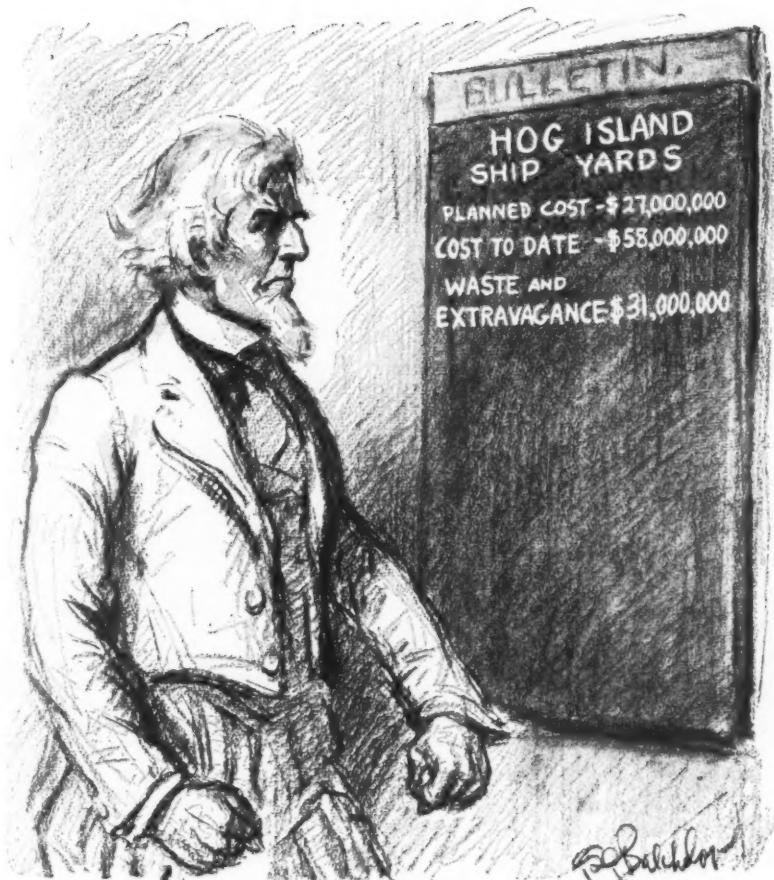
The Democrats are now reaping the advantages of office. Their top men in Washington have made reputations. They have put over an enormous job, and it is impossible for even the most enthusiastic detractor to deprive them of all the credit of it. Mr. McAdoo has a great advertisement; Mr. Baker has another, though more disputed. The estimate of the general capacity of Democrats, and especially of Democrats of Southern derivation, to administer government, has gone up enormously in six years.

And in the same space Republican reputations have rusted and dwindled. They tell us that what won Republican success in the Congressional elections was that wheat farmers only got a doubled price for their crop, whereas cotton farmers got a trebled price. That made the wheat farmers mad, and they voted Republican.

But since then the war has ended, and the present price of wheat looks bigger than it did, and perhaps the farmers are less sore than they were last fall.



MR. McADOO quit his job the other day, announcing that he was tired out and dead broke. Mr. Gregory now follows his example, confessing it is time that he got back to the practice of law and tried to make some money. Is it of any use to say that we do not yet pay cabinet officers living wages, and that if we are going to be so im-



"WAR WASN'T SUCH HELL FOR EVERYONE"

portant in the world we must have houses in Europe for our diplomatic agents there, and give them money enough to live in them?

Possibly, when the League of Nations gets to work, most of the world's diplomacy will be centered in Paris, and ambassadors will go out of style, and there will be radical changes in the apparatus of international relations, so it may be as well to wait a little before refinancing and rehousing our ambassadors. But it remains true that the considerable executive offices, both in State and National service, are too meagerly paid. Poor men who take them are poorer when they quit. The mass of the people and the mass of the legislators do not understand the cost of the social duties that intrude upon governors, mayors of great cities, cabinet officers and the like, and which make it very difficult for them to cut their coats according to the

scant allowance of cloth the government makes them.

Our new Governor Smith of New York, a man with a wife and eight children, of whom (all of them) we have such good hopes, ought to have more than ten thousand dollars a year to live on in Albany. If he is a good governor that is nothing to what he will earn. He ought not to be pinched for money. His office is too important to be invaded by any harassment of that sort.

And, of course, Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Gregory ought to have had enough to live on in Washington, even in high cost times, and something over. It is extremely bad economy not to pay such public servants enough to keep them physically and mentally comfortable, while they are working for us. If, when we have sucked their brains, we chuck them out without further provision, that may be economy, though it is not certain that it is.



MR. LANE, the Secretary of the Interior, comes from California, and is a little crazy, like all the best Californians. He sees things; sees them big and luminous, and talks about them vividly. He sees the Americans a great people, doing a great work in the earth, and he fairly burns to make them fit for it. He made a speech here the other night, when a dinner was given for him, and virtually said what the spiritist people keep telling us—that the sixth race of men is now developing in the United States. He didn't put it quite that way, for that might have made scandal, and perhaps he does not know about the sixth race, but he said he wanted to get people excited about Americanism "because Americanism is the most advanced spirit that has come to man's spirit from above." We are trying, he said, a great experiment in the United States.

Can we gather together people of different races, creeds, conditions and aspirations, who can be merged into one? If we cannot do this we will fail, indeed we will have already failed. If we do this we will produce the greatest of all nations and a new race that will long hold a compelling place in the world.

There are a good many people who think it is being done, and, of course, the great war gave it a tremendous drive forwards. What was it that the French Academician said, as lately quoted in LIFE? This is it. Forecasting American world leadership as a result of the war he said:

As to the United States of Europe, you will never make a Spaniard an associate of a Russian, nor a Swede the brother of an Italian. For that it is necessary to transport them to the Mississippi.

In Europe, Europeans remain separate. In America they merge, politically at least, and racially more slowly. Religious differences have helped to hold them apart, but they seem to be fading, not from the decay of religion, but from the decay of differences.

Mr. Lane sees things, but they are there. He has not lived in California for nothing.

The Home Coming



BACK from the days of their danger daring,
Over the leagues of foam,
Back from the scenes of their far war-faring,
Our boys are coming home.

We who have praise for them, and through long days for them
Lifted a silent prayer,
How shall we meet them, how shall we greet them,
Dauntless and debonair?

We are proud of them, all the crowd of them;
Loud be the lilt of our cheers!
In the wild rattle and rage of the battle,
Ah, but they knew no fears!

Fierce was the fight of them, strong was the might of them,
Brave in face of the guns;
Valiant and cheery from Chateau-Thierry
On to the fall of the Huns.

If we could for them, this we would for them,
Blazon the long, long roll,
Blazon it brightly, blazon it rightly,
Large on our honor-scroll!

Then a great shout for them! we'd never a doubt for them;
Nothing their triumph mars;
Reach out the hand to them through all the land to them
Sons of the Stripes and Stars!

Clinton Scollard.

Unanimous

"I SEE they can't make up their minds whether to sink the German warships or not."

"Well, that's the way the Germans felt about it. They kept them in the harbor for the duration of the war."



The Boss: IF YOU DECREASE MY WAGES, I'LL FIRE YOU



"WHAT HAS BECOME OF ALL THE WOMEN FOLKS?"

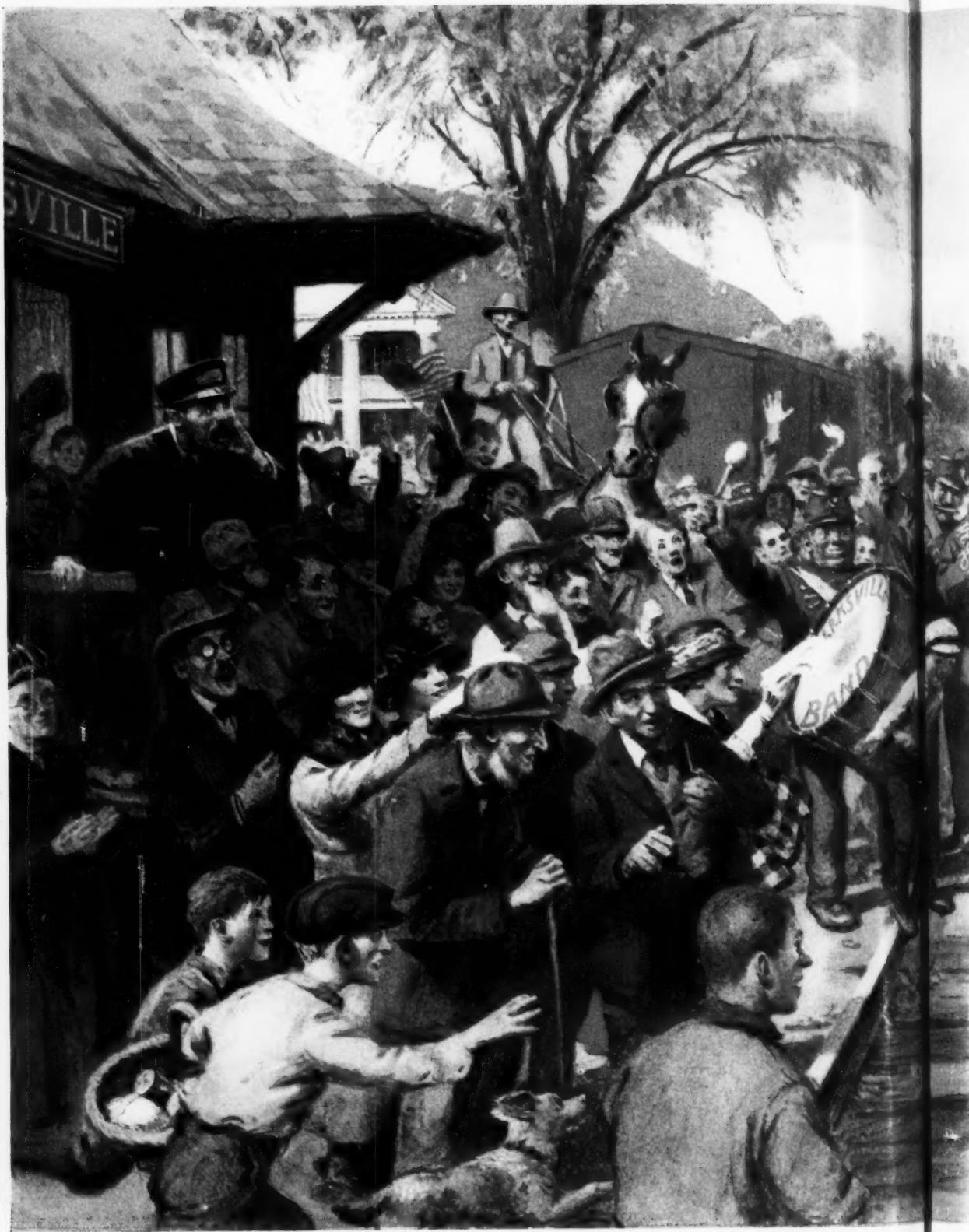


"TILLIE SMIF, I'M YOUR HOSTESS, BUT IF YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET PERS'NAL I'LL SLAP YOUR FACE!"

LIFE



"TONY'S GOT D' WAR CROSS, MOTHER!"



The Return of Jed Henders, Formerly

LIFE



ders, Formerly the Village Ne'er-do-Well.

LIFE



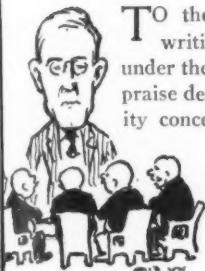
A COLORED GENTLEMAN
"DAT'S TOO HEAVY FOR YOU, MISSIS"



DEMOCRACY MAKES SUCH HEADWAY THAT EVEN THE KING OF BEASTS IS COMPELLED TO ABDICATE

Le Président Wilson

As Seen by a Sympathetic French Author



TO the sensitive mind there is an indecency in writing biographies of living men. Censure, under these circumstances, becomes impertinence, and praise degenerates into flattery. It is our avid curiosity concerning the living, combined with our swift forgetfulness of the dead, that stands responsible for this unholy practice, which spares neither high nor low. Some months ago a thoughtful book-maker presented us with a volume entitled, "The Real Colonel House," as though this self-contained, undistinguished Texan gentleman—known to the irreverent as "Teacher's Pet"—were a national hero, around whose lofty head had gathered the obscuring mists of tradition.

If such biographies respond to a popular demand, let them by all means be written by denizens of distant lands, speaking another tongue. M. Daniel Halévy, who has recently published a brief life of President Wilson, with the sub-title, "A Study of American Democracy," illustrates anew the literary advantages of remoteness. He sees his forest unobstructed by trees, still less by troublesome underbrush. He looks with serene and sympathetic eyes across the expanse of ocean; and with a grace of style and dignity of language as Gallic as is his point of view, he describes unfalteringly a man who has been found by his compatriots somewhat more difficult to interpret. There is, for example, in the chapter on Princeton College, a precision of outline, a nattiness (no other word applies) which will be the envy and despair of those whose closer observation has been embarrassed by obtrusive and unadjustable details.

It is natural that M. Halévy, with a Frenchman's liking for new laws to meet new conditions, should have scant patience with our weakness for an "antiquated" Constiti-

tution. He reminds us that it was framed in 1787 (a date which he plainly considers medieval) by "a rural aristocracy and a group of Puritan jurists." But they didn't do so badly, and we have grown attached to this hoary relic in a fashion no Latin could hope—or desire—to understand.

In all that appertains to the Great War, M. Halévy writes with commendable restraint. His business lies, not with the combat, but with Mr. Wilson as neutral, pacifist, and belligerent. When the United States steps upon the stage, to play her part in the heroic drama, he lowers the curtain and puts out the lights. There remains with us a dignified and distinguished portrait, painted with a facile brush in high lights; something simply conceived, as we conceive an archangel—having no disturbing familiarity with archangelic circles—but beautifully executed, and true to its type. The other Americans who enter into the narrative are faintly traced, and never distract attention from the central figure; but there is a quiet depth of observation in the few words which acknowledge that Mr. Cleveland, while lacking all opportunities for greatness, was, nevertheless, a great man.

Agnes Repplier.



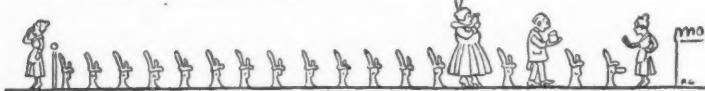
"SHE'S AWFUL STUCK UP."

"YE CAN'T BLAME HER, KITTY. HER AUNT'S HUSBAND HAS A COUSIN WOT'S A SAILOR ON THE SHIP THE PRESIDENT SAILED ON."



Reveries of a Dull Week

CURIOUS institution, the theatre in America. Just think of all the things that have happened to it well within the memory of present readers of *LIFE*. It has met the fierce competition of the moving picture. Its art has been subjected to the assaults of any number of ignorant, commercial managers, trying their clumsy hands at play-producing. It has tried out whole platoons of inexperienced and inexpert playwrights. It has been damned ten thousand times by callow youths venting their sophomorical lack of knowledge in the guise of critics. It has been clubbed by the police. It has been thoroughly uplifted by leagues of highbrows. It has been preached at from the pulpit. It has felt the blight of war and epidemic. Millionaires have had their fling at improving it. Reinhardts, Gordon Craigs, futurists, colorists, impressionists and fadists of all sorts have shown it how utterly wrong it was in its methods. Robbers of the public have imperilled its revenues with their manipulation of its ticket prices. Lovers of the palmy days have been known to state, both publicly and privately, that the theatre was not what it used to be. It has encountered earthquakes, fires and financial panic. The turkey-trot and the barbaric jazz have set up the lure of the wide-open dance hall against it. It is no secret that the art of acting has entirely disappeared from it.



AND yet the theatre remains a pretty vigorous institution. No other means of entertainment seems able to supplant it or even weaken its attraction for practically the whole public. It appeals in some of its many forms to every class, and even the ministers who preach against it and the deacons who pray against it, visit it furtively. Materially it has never prospered so well as now; never enlisted so much capital in its undertakings, never has been so handsomely housed, never has given employment to so many persons. In its offerings its scope has never been so broad and in their nature so varied. Never in any city in the world have there been so many theatres with so many widely different appeals to the public as in New York at the present day.



THE condition of the art of the theatre is of course a different matter. Its minute dissection may safely be left to the gentlemen who in lengthy articles ornamented with learned allusions easily lifted from any commonplace book settle questions with smug finality and in Sir Oracle fashion. Judging purely from observation, the theatre's public seems to be getting quite as much art as it cares for or can stand. There is some kind of art in any form of amusement that will hold attention and lure money from people's pockets, so on this principle there must be considerable art of high

How Uncle Toby Drowned the Cat



or low degree scattered through our many playhouses. The sensual idea is present in all art, therefore let us not blame even the t. b. m. for insisting that the theatre shall devote so much of its energy to providing him with girl-and-music shows. It may keep him from even less artistic amusement, which accomplishment is a credit to the theatre. Going up the scale there may be little to satisfy the very highest artistic demands, but in honesty we must admit that the average is a fairly decent one, when one considers the great and mixed public for which the theatre caters. And in considering what the theatre is doing, let us not forget that criticism and pessimism are not synonymous terms.



IN the continuous process of dramatizing the *Saturday Evening Post* it was inevitable that one of the instalments should be a hack at Mr. Peter B. Kyne's studies of the irascible but picturesque and lovable ship-owner, *Cappy Ricks*. At first glance the material might not seem suitable for stage use, but Mr. Rose recognized the dramatic value of the conflict between *Cappy* and *Matt Peasley* and the love interest supplied by the ambitions of the latter for the hand of *Cappy's* daughter. The result is an unexpectedly cohesive character comedy enlivened with a good deal of fun which is by no means horse-play. The saw and hammer of the journeyman are in evidence at times, but on the whole the entertainment is wholesome and continuous, even if light. The play has the benefit of Mr. Tom Wise's valuable personality in the title part and Mr. Courtenay's picturesqueness as the business rival and suitor.

Long may the *S. E. P.* wave as supplier-in-chief of dramatic material for the American stage.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter. Interesting but crudely contrived play, made attractive by the personal charm of the star.

Belasco.—"Tiger! Tiger!" by Edward Knoblock, with Frances Starr. Cleverly staged sexual adventure of a London bachelor.

Belmont.—"Little Brother," by Messrs. Goldsmith and James. Excellently acted and moving drama of the New York ghetto.

Bijou.—"Sleeping Partners," by Sacha Guitry, with Mr. H. B. Warner. Witty exposition of the methods of the Parisian bachelor in pursuit of his neighbor's wife.

Booth.—"The Woman in Room 13," by Messrs. Shipman and Marcin. Notice later.

Broadhurst.—"The Melting of Molly," by Davies, Smith and others. Not brilliant girl-and-music show.

Casino.—"Sometime," by Young and Friml. Girl-and-music show of fairly amusing and tuneful quality.

Central.—"Somebody's Sweetheart," by Messrs. Price and Bafunno. The violin playing of Nonette the central feature of a lively operetta.

Century Roof.—Midnight cabaret.

Cohan and Harris.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Well played and interesting spy drama.

Comedy.—Revival of Mr. Edward Locke's "The Climax" with Eleanor Painter. Notice later.

Cort.—"The Better 'Ole," by Messrs. Bairnsfather and Eliot. The artist's laughable war pictures equally laughable in play form.



EXAMPLE OF AN EXTINCT SPECIES. (*Ticketspeculatorius Horribilis*)

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools," by Mr. Austin Strong. The life of three New York bachelors amusingly set forth.

Eltinge.—"Up in Mabel's Room," by Messrs. Collison and Harbach. Notice later.

Empire.—"Dear Brutus," by Sir J. M. Barrie, with Mr. William Gillette. Agreeably played and interesting fantasy of midsummer madness.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Miss Simplicity," by Young and Barrett. Pleasing girl-and-music show.

Forty-fourth Street Roof.—Norah Bayes in "Ladies First." Generous dispensation of fun and music, with the star as chief dispenser.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Big Chance," by Messrs. Morris and Mack. The effect of war on different individualities shown in well acted play.

French.—Repertory of French plays by imported company. The French drama and French acting competently exemplified.

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Mme. Bertha Kalich. The star adapting her foreign methods to the American stage in a Danish drama of blackmail.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Laughable character comedy utilizing Reno and its divorce industry as a background.

Globe.—"The Canary" with Julia Sanderson and Mr. Joseph Cawthorn. Popular stars enlivening tuneful girl-and-music show.

Harris.—"The Invisible Foe," by Mr. Walter Hackett. Spiritualistic drama along old-fashioned lines.

Henry Miller's.—"Tillie," by Martin and Howe. Life among the Pennsylvania "Dutch" the background of a romantic comedy.

Hippodrome.—"Everything." Large scale spectacle, ballet and vaudeville.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. The laughable and occasionally pathetic predicaments of the German-born American during the recent war.

Booth.—"A Little Journey," by Rachel Crothers. Sleeping-car comedy with amusing incidents.

Longacre.—"Nothing but Lies," with Mr. William Collier. American comedy with good company and the star as laugh-compelling as ever.

Lyceum.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobble. Agreeable demonstration in comedy form of the softening effect of the French war orphan on the American bachelor heart.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs. West and Moore. A new and effective twist to crime melodrama.

Manhattan.—"The Eyes of Youth," with Marjorie Rambeau. Interesting depiction of the possibilities of a woman's career.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megru. Brilliant and well played American polite comedy.

Morosco.—"Cappy Ricks," by Mr. E. E. Rose. See above.

Park.—Repertory of opera comique by the

Society of American Singers. Mostly Gilbert and Sullivan, well rendered.

Playhouse.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Alice Brady. Sentimental and old-fashioned rural drama with a war touch.

Plymouth.—Tolstoi's "Redemption" with Mr. John Barrymore. Forceful acting by the star in typically gloomy Russian play of degeneracy.

Princess.—"Oh, My Dear," by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Sirken. Girl-and-music show in miniature but amusing form.

Republic.—Florence Reed in "Roads of Destiny." Another exposition of the directing finger of Fate in shaping careers.

Selwyn.—"The Crowded Hour," by Messrs. Selwyn and Pollock, with Jane Cowl. Showing how the love-intrigue of a New York telephone girl almost spoiled the recent war.

Shubert.—"The Betrothal," Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Fairy play, symbolic and poetic, with delightful stage pictures.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Keep It to Yourself." Adapted from the French by Mr. Mark Swan. Very peppery French farce.

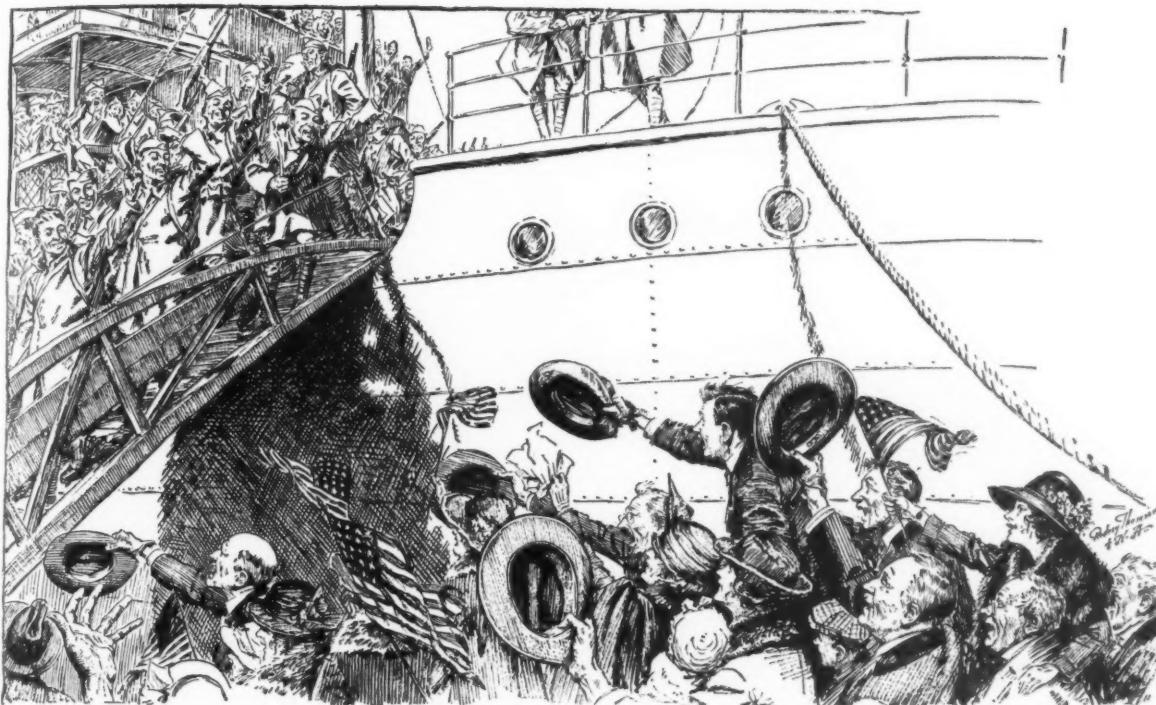
Vanderbilt.—Emily Stevens in "The Gentle Wife," by Rita Wellman. Vera Gordon and the star in opposing racial types showing that marriage between Gentile and Jew doesn't improve either.

Winter Garden.—"Sinbad." The untiring interest of the t. b. m. in the girl-and-music industry is demonstrated by the long life of this particular sample.

Ziegfeld's Frolics.—Wine, woman, song and food for those who don't want to go to bed until everyone else has.



WHEN THEY BID GOOD-BYE TO FRANCE



"MANY HAPPY RETURNS"

The Salute to Joan of Arc

JANUARY sixth was the five hundred and seventh anniversary of the birth of Joan of Arc. There is a Joan of Arc committee in New York, and they got the approval of Secretary Daniels to their suggestion of firing a salute to Joan from guns of warships in New York harbor.

That was a very interesting endorsement of the supernatural, rather long coming, but timely when it came. Joan relied frankly on the supernatural. All her activities were the outcome of the visions which inspired and instructed her. There is nothing in modern history like her story. Either her visions were real and came out of the beyond, or else she was deceived about them, or else she was a successful faker.

But it is a mighty good fake that lasts five hundred years and is saluted by an American battleship in New York harbor. Joan was no cheat. Mark Twain, whose judgment about fakes was fairly good, wrote a whole book about Joan, who had captured his good heart.

No, the salute was for Joan of Arc and all she stood for, including the supernatural visions and free France.

His Own System

SOLICITOR (*to business man absorbed in detail*): I have here a most marvelous system of efficiency, condensed into one small volume. It will save you fully fifty per cent. of your time, and so—

BUSINESS MAN (*interrupting irritably*): I already have a system by which I can save one hundred per cent. of my time and yours. I'll demonstrate it now—Good-day!

BECAUSE truth is stranger than fiction, fiction is often used to make truth plausible.



"I'M SORRY, FRED, BUT MY SHOE LACE IS UNTIED AGAIN"



EMILIEENNE DUHEKN, BABY 2838, HER MOTHER AND SISTER



THE THREE WISE MEN

Further Aid for the Orphans

IN discontinuing its appeals for the "adoption" of more French war orphans LIFE has no idea of losing sight of the thirty-five hundred or more little ones who have already received two years' maintenance through the generosity of LIFE's readers. We have endeavored in every case to put individual contributors in personal touch with the mothers of their beneficiaries, and we shall be glad, so long as any of our readers still desire to forward funds or help in any way, to maintain this bond of international sympathy. We prefer, however, that in the future contributions should be for the benefit of children already on our lists. In some cases the original contributors are unable to renew their gifts, and we should be glad to have the option to assign new contributions to these cases.

LIFE has received, in all, \$304,177.02, from which 1,703-651.75 francs have been remitted to Paris.



The Mouse: I GIVE IT UP! I CAN'T GET A SCARE OUT OF ONE OF THEM.

We gratefully acknowledge from

G. Norwood Comly, Syracuse, N. Y., for Baby No. 3539....	\$73
The Modern Language Department of the B. M. C. Durfee High School of Fall River, Mass., for Baby No. 3540....	73
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R. J. McDonald, Valley City, N. D., \$6; Louise Henderson, Washington, D. C., \$5; Mrs. M. L. Walker, Portland, Ore., \$4; Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J., \$3; W. E. Sheehan, Cripple Creek, Colo., \$10; Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D., \$3; Anne Slack Jones, Grenada, Miss., \$3; Lucie Weilenman, Shaw, Miss., \$6; Mrs. J. W. Moore, Ahoskie, N. C., \$10; "Sailor," \$20.

BABY NUMBER 3517

Already acknowledged	\$53.26
Eleanor McKay, Buffalo, N. Y.	1.44
A Sunday School Class of the Riverdale Presbyterian Church, Riverdale, New York City	18.30
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The Modern Language Department of the B. M. C. Durfee High School of Fall River, Mass.	19.15
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Mrs. D. Russ-Wood, Coronado Beach, Cal.	10
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	\$73

BABY NUMBER 3518

Already acknowledged	\$58
A Sunday School Class of the Riverdale Presbyterian Church, Riverdale, New York City	6.70
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	\$64.70

An Inspiring Sight

LOVELY spectacle that, to see the President of the United States sitting around cooling his heels until the politicians and diplomats of Europe get ready to hear him expound his views of how the nations ought to be leagued for the new democracy.

Have You Received Your Liberty Bonds?

UNDER the deferred-payment plans Liberty Bonds are being delivered to subscribers as fast as paid for. Have you received yours yet? And, if so, are you worrying about their safe-keeping? So far as two hundred dollars of them is concerned, the plan described below not only provides against their being stolen or lost, but also places them where, for all time, they will be doing a work of usefulness and good. Think it over.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Liberty Loan $4\frac{1}{4}$ -per-cent bonds should be sent by registered



A CAPTAIN OF THE COLDCREAM GUARDS

mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country. This work has now been carried on for thirty-one years, in which time more than forty thousand children have gained health and happiness from it.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses.

We have received from an anonymous donor two hundred dollars in Fourth Liberty Bonds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 24

In memory of ARDELIA BRUFF, who died February 19, 1918.

It has been suggested that the establishment of a Fresh Air Endowment is a graceful and suitable thank-offering for the safe return of a loved one from the perils of war.

OVER there some of the doughboys called it the Young Men, Come Across.



FERNANDE BOURGOUIN, BABY 293, HER BROTHER AND SISTERS.



SUZANNE BOUDRANT, BABY 302



GEORETTE COCHELIN, BABY 2692



JEANNE GUÉVES, BABY 2610



WHAT WILLIE HOPES WILL HAPPEN WHEN HIS DAD
COMES HOME

The Inconstant War

IT will no doubt be a great consolation to many patriotic people to know that when the war ended we were actually beginning to get such a stock of airplanes on hand that it has since then been a matter of great inconvenience to break them up and throw them on the scrap-heap, or to get rid of them by selling them off at auction at a fraction of what they cost. But the expense, of course, is a small matter.

The difficulty was with the war, and not with us. If we spent nearly one billion dollars before we succeeded in producing any airplanes at all, and then, when we finally got them, had to throw them away, do not blame Mr. Baker. The war should have waited for us to catch up, in the first place, and should then not have stopped so suddenly.

Fear of Famine

VISITOR IN ASYLUM: Who is that intellectual-looking giant in the padded cell?

ATTENDANT: A newspaper editor. He worried himself crazy by imagining the Peace Conference would end before the ball season opened, and that, in the interval, he wouldn't be able to find enough news to fill his paper.

When He Comes Back

What Friends, Relatives, etc., Have to Say When Almost Any Captain Returns from France

HIS SWEETHEART: Oh, Jim, I'm so happy, and you never ought to wear anything but a uniform all your life. You certainly do look grand. I think they should have made you a major-general.

HIS BROTHER (who has been stuck in a training camp on this side for the duration of the war): Huh, just luck—that's all it is. I suppose I can't have all the brains in the family and be lucky, too.

HIS DAD (who is a Civil War veteran): No doubt it was a fierce fight at Chateau-Thierry, son, but let me tell you what happened to us at the Battle of Gettysburg. I—

HIS SWEETHEART'S BEST GIRL FRIEND: Yes; he looks fine, but you ought to see my lieutenant.

HIS SWEETHEART'S NEXT BEST GIRL FRIEND: I'd ask him about the French girls. He looks too handsome not to have had an affair of the heart over there.

HIS PAL (who was put in a deferred classification for something or other): Now you see, Jim, I would have been in the army if—. The reason I haven't got on a uniform is—. I would have been in the fighting, but—

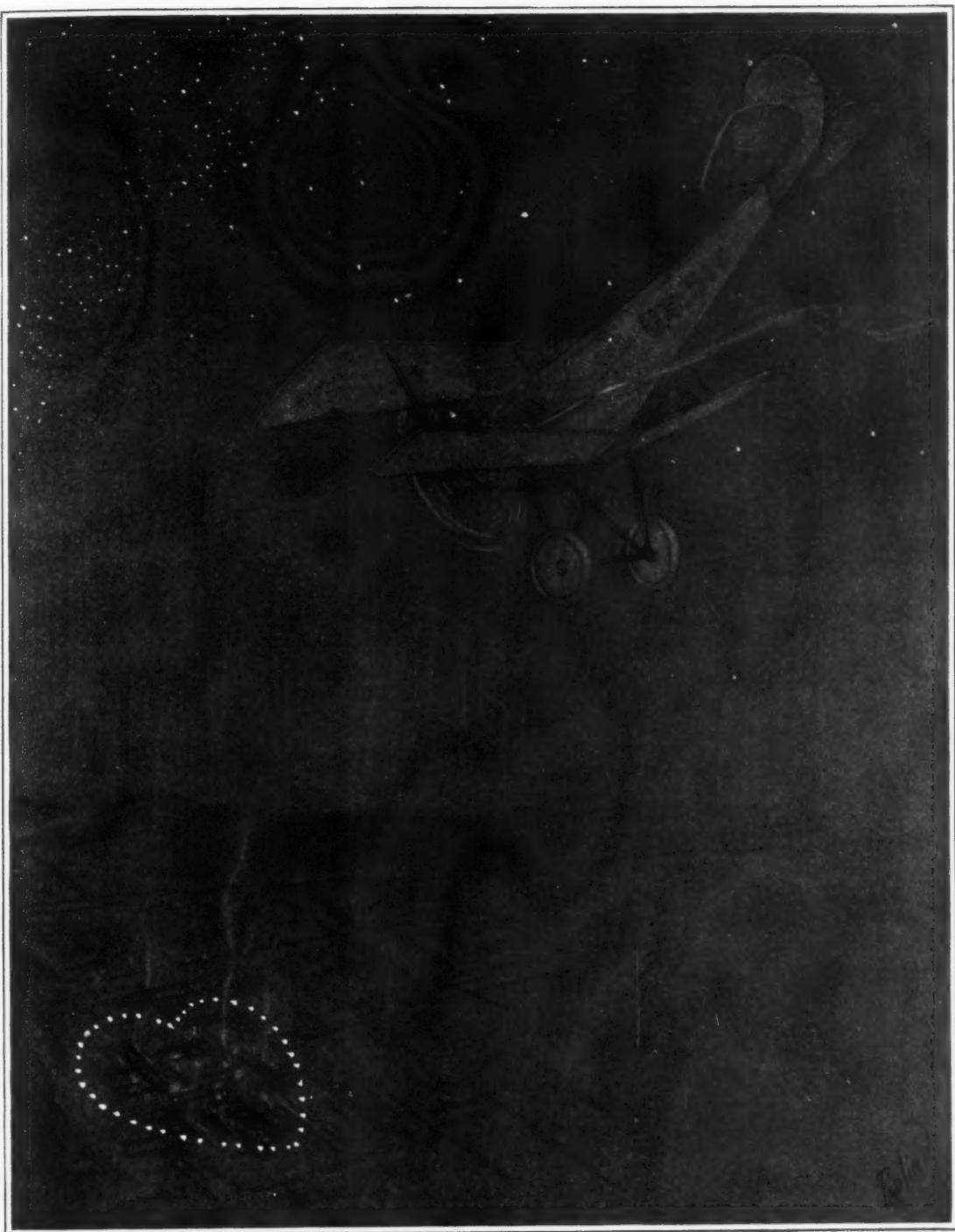
THE FAMILY COOK: Now, Mr. Jim, you sit down and eat your head off. I'm going to get you five meals a day till you get fed up. You look as though you'd had enough to eat, but you just can't have had enough. Anyhow, it will do you good to take it easy, and put a lot of first-class victuals into you.

HIS MOTHER: —!



"I'M SORRY, MRS. CLANCY, BUT I'LL HAVE TO CHARGE YE SIXTY CENTS A POUND FOR TURKEY."

"WHAT THE DIVIL DO I CARE? MY BOY DINNY'S HOME FROM THE WAR, AN' HE FANCIES UT."



THE TOWN WHERE SHE LIVES

A Draw

BIG Business and Idealism met on a park bench.

"I am here," said Big Business, "just to get used to it.

This is going to be my regular home in the near future—if *you* keep on running things."

"You are bitter," replied Idealism, "whereas you should be philosophical about it. You cannot help yourself. Besides, you should remember that I am not running the world now for your particular benefit."

"Quite true," replied Big Business. "The question is, Whose benefit are you running it for? Let us discuss the case of Mr. Clarence Mackay and Mr. A. S. Burleson, for that is a typical case, and ought to bring out the whole problem into sharp relief."

"State the case," said Idealism calmly.

"Mr. Burleson is the Postmaster General of the United States. Acting under instructions from those higher up, he has taken over the cable companies. His reason for doing this is that, although the war is over, it is more important that the cable companies shall be run by the government than it is that they shall be run by themselves."

"Quite right."



"Now, there are two cable companies. One is the Commercial Cable Company, whose president is Clarence Mackay. The other is the Western Union and the American Telephone Company combined, whose president is Newcomb Carleton. These companies are rivals. Mr. Burleson had the power to say how much each of these companies should receive as compensation, so he allowed to the Western Union and American Telephone Company eight million last year, which is about what these companies earned, and he allowed to the Commercial Cable Company one million six hundred and eighty thousand dollars, whereas this company had actually earned four million two hundred thousand dollars last year."

"And why did he do this?"

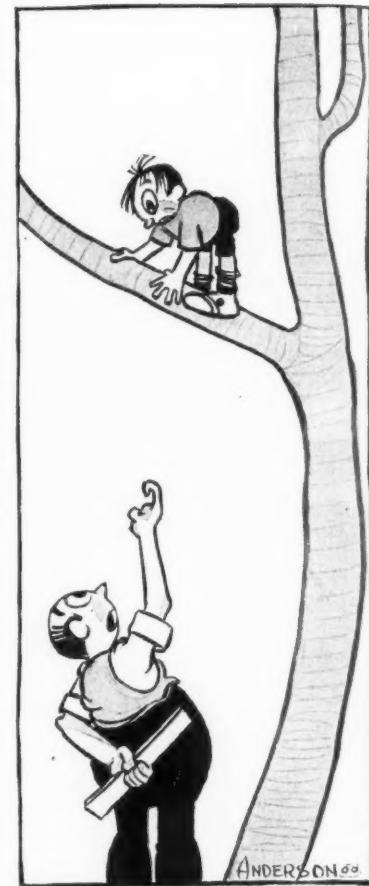
"Because he had the power, backed by the President. Of course the Commercial Cable Company thought this was unjust discrimination, and protested against it. To protest is disastrous. Therefore Mr. Burleson proceeded to place the whole system of cables in charge of the Western Union officials."

"For the benefit of the whole people," declared Idealism.

"For the benefit of your grandmother," replied Big Business.

"Be careful," said Idealism. "This is *lèse majesté*."

"My dear sir," said Big Business with a smile, "I still have something to



ABOVE PAR

say about it, as you will notice at the next election. This is a case on the one side of ignorance, inexperience, political selfishness and ambition, and on the other side of efficiency based on competition."

"Um! How about your selfishness, your profits? Look at Jay Gould, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Harriman, Havemeyer, Leiter, Armour, Whitney."

"Also look at Bryan, Houston, Kitchin, Creel and Burleson. I have my faults. I ought to be restricted. But if you are now going to run things according to your incompetent methods, I won't be here at all."

"We can get along without you," replied Idealism; "I—and the whole people. As long as Gompers is with us—who cares?"



ARE WE YET WISE ENOUGH—
TO PUT THESE FELLOWS AT THE TAIL-END OF OUR VICTORY PARADE?

THE highest praise for a man is to give him responsibility.



BOSTON to BOSTON Via San Francisco and Los Angeles

TWO Goodyear motor trucks, shod with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, recently carried full loads from Boston to San Francisco and returned to Boston by way of Los Angeles.

They were taken off their regular Akron-to-Boston route without special preparation and sent west.

As shown by the recordograph, they completed the 7,763-mile round trip in 24 days, 1 hour and 55 minutes of actual running.

The journey constituted a remarkable demonstra-

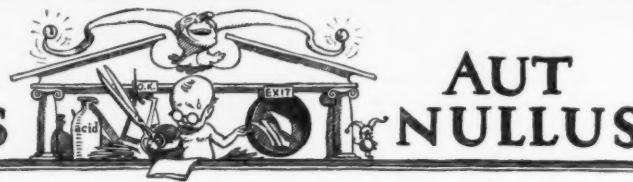
tion of the ability of motor trucks, equipped with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, to negotiate the worst kinds of going found anywhere.

For 71.5 per cent of this transcontinental jaunt was made over unimproved roads and in wagon trails. The traction of the big Goodyear Pneumatics enabled the heavy trucks to negotiate mud, sand and grades that would have stalled solid tires.

This memorable performance of these pioneering Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires points to their immense advantages for both highway hauling and off-the-road work.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

GOOD  **YEAR**
AKRON

AUT
SCISSORSAUT
NULLUS

A Change of Heart

VICAR'S DAUGHTER: I'm sorry to hear you were at the Methodist tea-meeting, Miss Jones. I cannot think what argument has caused you to change your creed.

MISS JONES: Well, miss, first it was their sultana-cake, but it was their 'am sangwidges as converted me, miss!

—*Tit-Bits.*

A Hurry Call

WIFE: John, there's a burglar at the silver and another in the pantry eating my pies. Get up and call for help.

HUB (at window): Police! Doctor!
—*Boston Transcript.*

"You poor fish! I could have married Wombat, who afterward became a millionaire."

"I know it. He often buys me a drink in a commiserating sort of a way."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of solicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.



SENATOR BINKS, WHO TALKS IN HIS SLEEP, IS THE POSSESSOR OF AN IMPORTANT DIPLOMATIC SECRET.

Just His Luck

His wife had followed him across to be a Red Cross nurse. During a bit of German strafing he fell wounded, and woke up several hours later in a field hospital. His wife was bending over him.

"Ain't that just my luck, Jenny?" he murmured. "With all the pretty nurses there are over here to look after the soldiers, I had to draw you."

—*Triad (Wellington, N. Z.).*

Overconfident

"The fair defendant seems confident of being acquitted."

"I'm afraid she is overconfident."

"Yes?"

"So far she hasn't even taken the trouble to smile at the jury."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Do you remember," said Mrs. Cornet, "when we used to tell Josh, 'Children should be seen and not heard'?"

"Yes," replied the farmer; "and now I get called down by everybody if I interrupt Josh while he's tellin' about his experiences at the front."

—*Washington Star.*

GIRARD

13c

two for a quarter

smaller sizes
10c



Smoke after meals, and not before meals; smoke moderately, and smoke Girards. Then you won't need worry about any ill-effects of smoking. The Girard is full of ripe and mellow flavor and aroma, but there's not a hint of harm in it, and not a tincture of regret.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Makers : Philadelphia

Never gets on
your nerves

Mr. Newsdealer!

If you are not at the present time getting enough copies of LIFE so as not to be sold out by Friday or Saturday of each week,

Or, if LIFE is not reaching you in time to be on sale each Tuesday,

Advise us of the facts, stating the name of the News Company from whom you get your supply.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.



The Card Index that Addresses Itself

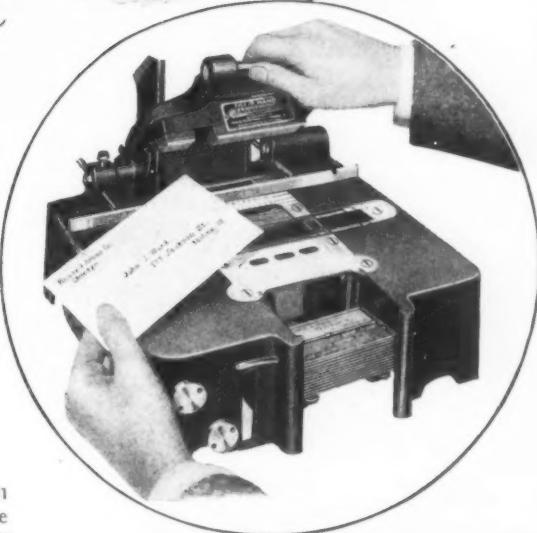
THE ordinary card index means drudgery—wasted time and money copying names and addresses. But here is a card index that addresses itself.

Here is a card index that you put into a simple machine—the Addressograph. It automatically "typewrites" names and other data onto bills, circulars, shipping tags, pay forms, etc., *15 times faster than pen or typewriter.*

Just place a handful of plates in a \$60 Hand Addressograph, or a drawerful in larger models. Plates can be made in your office. Index cards at top printed from respective plates. Vertical tabs in different positions facilitate card index arrangement and classify names by territories, etc. Colored tabs indicate credit, etc.

Anyone can Addressograph names and other data exactly like typewriting—15 times faster. Mistakes and omissions impossible. Entire list can be addressed or, with "selector" attachment, only the names or data desired may be printed without disturbing card index arrangement.

FREE TRIAL Let us prove it on your own work. Our representative will call with a \$60 Ribbon Print Hand Addressograph. He will demonstrate it at your desk. If desired, he will leave it for FREE TRIAL. Just mail the coupon.



Hand, foot lever or motor models for speedily printing (THRU RIBBON) typewritten names, addresses, and other data on

→ Changes in Prices

- Route Sheets
- Record Sheets
- Dividend Forms
- Checks
- Inventory Records
- Wrappers
- Labels
- Tags, Etc.

Addressograph

TRADE MARK

PRINTS FROM TYPE

Chicago

New York

Prompt service furnished at these cities—or you can make address plates in your own office if preferred:

Albany	Denver	Newark	Salt Lake City
Bluffton	Des Moines	New Orleans	San Antonio
Canton	Detroit	New York	San Francisco
Fort Wayne	Duluth	Omaha	Seattle
Greensburg	El Paso	Oklahoma City	Shreveport
Huntington	Grand Rapids	Ottawa, Ont.	Spokane
Indiansburg	Hartford	Phoenix	St. Paul
Jefferson	Houston	Philadelphia	Toledo
Johnstown	Indianapolis	Phoenix	Toronto
Latrobe	Kansas City	Pittsburgh	Washington
Lebanon	Los Angeles	Reno	Wichita
McKeesport	Milwaukee	Sacramento	Williamsport
Monaca	Minneapolis	St. Louis	Winnipeg, Man.
Monroe	Montreal	St. Paul	

Mail to nearest office—or phone for representative if list opposite names your city.

We use forms checked below:

- Filling in Letters
- Record Sheets
- Statements
- Dividend Forms
- Pay Forms
- Checks
- Route Sheets
- Shop Orders
- Envelopes, Circulars
- Tags, Labels
- Price Lists, Wrappers
- Inventory Records

ADDRESSOGRAPH COMPANY (9173), Chicago

Without cost or obligation, please give us:

Facts about trial offer Demonstration in our office

Firm

Official..... No. of names on list.....

Address.....



Didn't Have Time

At twelve the other night one of our aviators who had liberty until ten-thirty was "hot footin'" it back from a hop harbor in a neighboring ville. He passed the tracks, the "Y," and then started on the double past the sentry at the gate.

"Halt!" commanded the sentry.

"Halt nothin'," yelled the gob; "I'm two hours late now."

—*Panillac Pilot, France.*

Frightfulness

"You don't seem to pay any attention to these germs."

"I don't talk about 'em any more than is necessary," answered Doc Braney. "I take all possible precautions and then try to ignore 'em. The meanest thing about a germ is that if he can't attack you anywhere else, he tries to get on your mind."

—*Washington Star.*

HIBBS: I'd get married if I could find a sensible girl.

TIBBS: I know a nice girl, but I don't think she wants to marry. At least, she refused me.

HIBBS: By George, she must be a sensible girl. Introduce me, will you?

—*Boston Transcript.*

FOWNES

The international standard of glove value.

The most exacting Military and Civilian requirements completely satisfied—in leather, fur, silk or fabric.

At the Principal Shops.

American art and skill has produced

FILOSETTE surpassing any fabric glove ever imported.



The name is always in the glove.



A clean tooth never decays—the Pro-phy-lactic keeps teeth clean



In the Army

General Leonard Wood tells the story of a captain to whom was assigned a new orderly, a fresh recruit.

"Your work will be to clean my boots, buttons, belt, and so forth, shave me, see to my horse, which you must groom thoroughly, and clean the equipment. After that you go to your hut, help to serve the breakfast, and after breakfast lend a hand washing up. At eight o'clock you go on parade and drill till twelve o'clock—"

"Excuse me, sir," broke in the recruit, "is there anyone else in the army besides me?"—*Christian Register.*

BACON: Do you know anything about light?

EGBERT: Sure thing.

BACON: What, for instance?

EGBERT: I know it moves one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second.

BACON: Oh, you've been studying your gas meter, too, have you?

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"A BOOK may be as great a thing as a battle," wrote Disraeli, a statement which is confirmed fifty-two times a year in the mind of everyone who is fortunate enough to be an annual subscriber to LIFE.

YOU OUGHT TO TRY Sheeona

Evans' NON-INTOXICATING Ale

Up-to-Date Grocers, Druggists & Dealers.

Just to see what a delectable drink a non-intoxicating beverage can be!
C. H. EVANS & SONS Estab. 1796 HUDSON, N.

"WHAT do you think of a man who will constantly deceive his wife?"

"I think he's a wonder!"

—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*



The Pup: WOW! HE OUGHTA BE MUZZLED!

Memorable Days in History

(According to Little Bobbie)

THE day he won a pie-eating contest, and about a quarter of an hour afterwards—wished he had never even heard of pie.

The day he took three of the parlor sofa cushions along to the playground, for use as first, second and third base, respectively.

The day a brand new truck arrived at the fire-house across the street, and his friend, the captain, permitted him to accompany the crew on a trial run.

The day he was lured by the strains of a passing band to jump from the window of the bathroom, where he had been sent for his weekly ablution; and in his excitement—forgot to turn off the water.

The day he shot "crap" with a gang of newsboys; and just when it was his turn to roll, became suddenly aware of the immediate proximity of Aunt Prudence.

The day Uncle Bill presented him with a jack-knife—but omitted to caution him against trying it out on the rear porch.

The day he caught his first fish.

The day he helped Aunt Mary weed her garden, and was rewarded with a huge bowl of strawberry ice cream and a dollar bill.

The day the schoolhouse burned down.

The day he was sent to the drugstore for a large bottle of castor oil, but was informed by the clerk that there would be none in stock for some time.

The day of days when—to square off old scores—he reached across the table after dinner, and handed the minister a snap-shot he had secretly taken of Aunt Prudence as she was fanning her hair dry.



"LOOK, HENRY! I JUST FOUND THE LOCK OF HAIR YOU GAVE ME WHEN WE WERE ENGAGED."



Donchester

An ARROW Evening SHIRT

At table, theatre or dance the patent bosom of a Donchester shirt remains flat; creaseless and in its place.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers, Troy, New York

The Test

THE GUEST who visits The Hollenden for the first time generally does so on somebody's recommendation. But when he returns a second and third time—and keeps coming back year after year—it's because he has found this hotel to be truly first class.

European plan, with bath:

For One Person, \$2 to \$5.

For Two Persons, \$3 to \$6.

With Twin Beds, \$4 to \$6.

Suites at various prices.

800 Rooms.

The Hollenden
Cleveland



"Home, Sweet Home"

WHEN war is over and our lads come back,
What glamour old familiar things shall gain:
The call of thrushes through the summer rain;
The purling brook; the pine scent of the track
Through the deer-haunted woods, the red and black
Sun-sweetened berries in the quiet lane;
The hum of bees above the yellow grain;
The little ducklings' strutting, homely quack.
What joy to dive into the pool once more,
To play at baseball on the village green,
To camp upon the lake's wide, sandy shore,
To gather chestnuts when the frosts are keen;
And winter nights, sit by a glowing log,
With some good book, and apples, and one's dog.

Charlotte Becker.

Shall Versailles Be Vienna?

The genesis of the war of 1914-18 goes back to the Congress of Vienna, for here Prussia laid the foundation for the military domination of Germany which made it possible for her to disturb the peace of the world. Here the rulers turned a deaf ear to the misery of Poland; crushed the rising tide of liberalism in the German Confederacy; strengthened Bourbonism in France and set Hapsburg rule over Italian States that had to bleed half a century longer before they achieved unity.

The Century Co. has just published a book which is an intimate account of the Congress of Vienna. It is entitled, "A Peace Congress of Intrigue." It was compiled by Frederick Freksa, and translated, with an introduction and notes, by Harry Hansen. In this book the author has drawn upon the wonderful story of social and political intrigue told by the participants themselves in their memoirs; and here pass in review such figures as Hardenberg, Wellington, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, Gentz, Dalberg, the Prince de Ligne, Count de la Garde, Frederick William of Prussia, Francis of Austria, Marie Louise and Napoleon's son, the young king of Rome, the fascinating Countess Zichy, Archduke John of Austria and most of the princes and princesses, dukes and barons and crafty statesmen of an age the influence of which survived even down to our own time.

"A Peace Congress of Intrigue" is sold at all bookstores for \$2.50.

ANY PLACE - ANY PACE - ANY CAR



A Deep Cut In Gas Costs

The New Stromberg Carburetor is never at mercy of outside conditions. "Internally" right in construction and externally right in action. Insures most miles per gallon and least cost per miles **ALWAYS**. Send for Literature. Give name, model and year of your car.

Stromberg Motor Devices Co.
Dept. 112
64 E. 25th St.
Chicago, Ill.

New STROMBERG Does it! CARBURETOR

Impulse

MOST of the people in this world are better than we give them credit for being. The other ones are very bad, indeed.

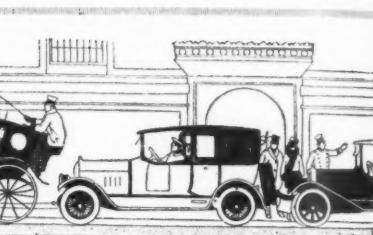
God bless the impulsive ones, and watch over them; especially watch over them—they need it. As a rule, the impulse is the spontaneous expression of pure, unadulterated unselfishness—often of self-sacrifice.

There is nothing of the wisdom of the serpent about it, and much of the harmlessness of the dove—that is, to the object of the impulse; but very often there is harm to the one who has been impulsive—harm to his or her worldly welfare. It is true that fools rush in, etc., but how glad to see them must be the other fools, who have already rushed in and perhaps been welcomed and made at home by the angels who were once fools.

Artemus Ward said, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves—then when anyone comes fooling around your dove you can set your serpent on him." Perhaps Providence has a watchful eye on impulsive people, somewhat as it is said to have on sailors and drunken men. Let us hope so.

TED: I was tempted to read his book by the advertisements, but I was disappointed.

NED: That's only natural. The advertisements are better written than the book.



The BILTMORE

Where the social life of New York centers by day and evening



CLOSE TO ALL THEATRES AND SHOPS

There's something about them you'll like.



Herbert Tareyton

London Cigarettes

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixtures
Sample upon request
Falk Tobacco Co. 1792 Broadway, New York

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dealer has

A Real One

UPON a wharf where the Yanks were disembarking a reporter buttonholed a rosy-cheeked private.

"Are you one of the heroes?" the newspaper man asked, with notebook ready to record a stirring tale of heroism.

"Naw," was the blushing reply. "I'm only a common doughboy. But the lieutenant, over there, is one."

To the officer indicated went the reporter.

"I'm told you're a hero, sir," he said.

"No," laughed the lieutenant. "I mere' happened to be on the job when something needed to be done, and I did it. However, I can refer you to the simon-pure article." And he pointed out a sergeant with three wound stripes upon his sleeve.



FOX'S "F.I.P." PUTTEES NEW NON-FRAY SPIRAL (Patented)

Puttees are popular everywhere. The war has taught thousands of people how convenient, comfortable and smart looking they are. Ideal for skating, walking, climbing, tobogganing, camping, golf, etc., for men, women and children.

For Outdoor Sports and Outdoor Work

Outdoor workers, too, will find FOX'S Spiral Puttees valuable. They mean comfort and convenience. Great for the hunter and chauffeur. Lighter, more comfortable and durable than leather or canvas.

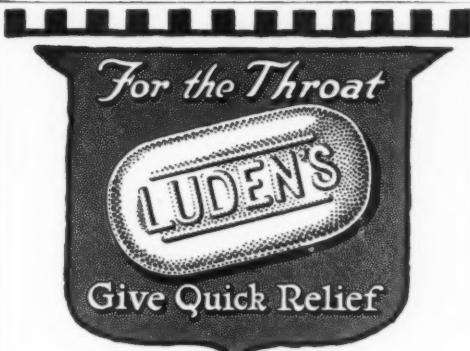
The Puttee of the World

FOX'S Spiral Puttees, for men, women and boys, have long been the finest made in England and have a world wide reputation. They don't fray. They possess great durability. They are easy to put on in flat, neat spirals. Two weights—quality through and through. If your dealer hasn't them, write us.

MANLEY & JOHNSON

260 W. Broadway

New York City



The National Cough Drop

Everywhere you'll find people using Luden's. Relieve throat irritation, soreness, dryness, huskiness. Sweeten the breath.

Look for the familiar Luden yellow, sanitary package

WM. H. LUDEN

READING, PA.



"Not guilty," declared the sergeant, when questioned. Then, his eyes kindling with admiration, he waved toward a figure standing somewhat aside from the throng. "Talk to the major. You couldn't string on a fat man's bay window the medals he's got, and ought to have."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the major, amusedly.

"That's what you all say!" cried the reporter, in despair. "Is hero-ing a criminal career?"

Chuckles, the major beckoned to an ebony-hued stalwart.

"Rastus," the major said, when the Senegambian saluted and stepped forward, "this gentleman is looking for a hero. I think you are one."



Pious Aunt: AS WE EXPECT TO BE FORGIVEN OUR TRESPASSES, SO MUST WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US.

"STILL, AUNT, I FIND IT HARD TO FORGIVE YOU FOR PERSUADING MY PARENTS TO CHRISTEN ME TWINKLES."

"You might say I am, sah. Dey wasn't a wusser, dangerouser job in de army dan mine."

"What was it?" eagerly inquired the reporter.

"Mistah," Rastus solemnly informed him, "I drove a mule team plumb thoo dis wah."

Terrell Love Holliday.

THE real reason Sir Joseph Porter degraded Captain Corcoran to the rank of seaman was that when he came aboard *H. M. S. Pinafore* he found that the captain had not sent in an annual subscription to LIFE for the wardroom mess.

"Chloroformed at 60....?"

A famous surgeon, Dr. Osler, shocked the world when he was misquoted as having recommended chloroform for every one of 60 and over.

His actual remark meant simply that many people let their body machinery run down—and that such people, through the lack of care, make their later years hardly worth living.

More than 90% of human illness has its origin in the intestinal canal—in constipation; and, in advanced years, constipation is especially dangerous.

A booklet on this subject, based on the best medical opinion the world over, has been prepared especially for elderly people. It is called "As The Shadows Lengthen," and will be mailed to you free on request.

Nujol Laboratories
STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)
50 Broadway, New York

Nujol

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
For Constipation



Write for free booklet.

"As The Shadows Lengthen"
to Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co.
(New Jersey), 50 Broadway, New York City.

Name _____

Address _____

*Evans's Depilatory**—removes hair*

Have you wished for some easy way to remove hair from the face, arm or the underarm? Then you will like the convenient Evans's Depilatory Outfit. You apply the powder, mix with water, leave on a short time, then wash off both powder and hair. It is so simple.

75 cents at your drug- or department-store—insist upon "Evans's." Or send us 75 cents for complete outfit, postage paid by us.

George B Evans
1108 Chestnut St Phila
Also makers of "Mum"

Acknowledgment on Receipt of a Life Calendar

YOUR cac-cac-cac-cac-calendar has come. I am gug-gug-greatly pleased to have the same. Its pup-pretty illustrations, Of lul-lifelike situations, Make all other cac-cac-calendars seem tame.

So I tha-tha-tha-tha-thank you for the gift. It gug-gives the Christmas atmosphere a lift. When ha-hanging in my room, It dispels the gug-gug-gloom, De-Life-fully. You gug-gug-get my drift?

MEMBERS of the Stock Exchange have often wondered why on Tuesdays there is usually a bull market. An explanation is that on that day the regular subscribers to LIFE receive their weekly copies, and therefore everyone is buoyant and hopeful.

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION

By Our Office Pessimist

SPeaking of home—there are five in the family. Father eats his breakfast with his mind on his office; mother is planning for her day's routine of housework; daughter is thinking of the party last night; son is wondering what excuse he will give for not knowing his lessons, and the youngest child hasn't a thought beyond its nose. All speaking different languages, yet the up-lifters talk of the beauty of family discourse! 27692

Quit!

Pills, laxatives, saline waters and purgatives of cure than constipated habit—you ought to know it. Be sensible—you have been whipsawed shamelessly into action, and weakening their functioning more and more. Now you are full of slugs—your blood is poisoned—your blood is poisoned—your lack of stamina—you are nervous, listless, listless—have no energy—no vitality—you are in manhood—it's all your own fault. No matter what condition or ailment may be—under my methodical and health upbuilding known as

STRONGFORTISM

you can be restored in vigor and vitality and be enabled to constipation or any other ailment or disorder—whether you suffer from early excesses, induced by penitence or whether losses weaken you, or you feel your vitality is Strongfortism will restore, rejuvenate. Send three to six dollars and mail my book, "The Art of Living and Conservation of Health, Strength and Vitality. READ THIS BOOK—it is for your interest and welfare.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
785 Park Building Newark

CLUB HAUNTERS!

*Invest in
Some New
Conver-
sation*

You are a soothing fixture at your club—yes! You, your newspaper, and your favorite chair have been there since the corner-stone was laid. You discuss the war loans sonorously with Jones. You call Senator Hawkins "Jim" when you order him a horse's neck. The club regards you as a standby and a good fellow; even perhaps, as its social centre. But at a dinner-dance, a tea, a supper-party

Quick! Waiter, Page an Alienist!

You will at the name of Thamara Swirskaya. You think Ben Ali Haggan was a prophet about the time of the Arabian Nights; that Valda Valkyrien is a Danish seaport; that Paul Manship has an office on Wall Street. Caproni tri-planes, Russian dances, poetic drama, make you long for speedy oblivion.

In the hands of a clever little debutante, you are helpless; the sight of your hostess makes you flinch; and how—and of what—can a man talk to a belted ear?

And yet it's so simple, so easy, to be a wit, instead of a dead wire. To make dowagers beam on you, debutantes dream of you, poets dedicate their

masterpieces to you, Uncle Reginald leave you his millions.

All you need to do is to tear off that coupon and spend a single dollar for six issues of the forward-marching magazine of modern American life—in arts, sports, dances, fashions, books, operas, gaieties, and humors: *Vanity Fair*.

Vanity Fair costs \$3 a year—35 cents a copy. There is more joyous fun-making and mental stimulation in one single copy than in fourteen yards of Bergson or Ralph Waldo Emerson. Yet, if you do not know *Vanity Fair*, or would like to know it better, you may have five whole copies for an insignificant dollar bill—six, if you mail the coupon at once.

Five Issues of *Vanity Fair* for \$1

Six if You Mail the Coupon Now
Stop where you are! Tear off that coupon!

VANITY FAIR, 19 West 44th Street, New York City

I want to go through life with my mind open; to keep my sympathies warm; to keep in touch with the newest and liveliest influences of modern life. Therefore, I want you to send me the next FIVE numbers of *Vanity Fair*. I will remit \$1 on receipt of your bill (OR) my favorite dollar is inclosed. I understand that if this order is received in time, you will send me a complimentary copy of the current issue, making SIX issues in all.

Name. Street.
City. Illustrations copyright by *Vanity Fair*
State.

